



Discover ▾

[Log in](#) | [Sign up](#)

Dealing with Druids



druid

magic

adventure

401 27 34

Chapter 1 by Phantim

Across the town in a small room, Lila now lay on a bed of silken sheets, the only sign of life was the small rise and fall of her chest. Melthiel was crouched besides her holding her hand when a dark robed figure strode silently into the room and stood beside Lila's bed. The warm smells floated into the room with the elf, the musty smell of a thousand pinecones and clouds of sweet smelling flower pollen. His nose twitched and Melthiel looked up to see Arch-Druid Falchior. The Arch-Druid wore a robe of living plants, the long green leaves culminated around his neck in almost a feathery fashion. His skin was pale white, but unlike most elves, his eyes glowed like orange amber; and beneath his silky black hair two horns sprouted, but not horns of bone... horns of living wood growing from him. Melthiel remained crouched as he looked the druid over, it was very rare for him to come out of his forest temple... Melthiel couldn't recall that he had ever seen him before.

Falchior stared down at the young elf, crouching besides the almost lifeless Lila, clutching desperately to her hand. His orange eyes searching the boy.

"I can save her you know," the Arch-druid said plainly.

[See more of Story Wars](#)[Login](#)

or

[Create new account](#)

"What can I do? I'll do anything, anything!" Melthiel pleaded.

"Excellent, because I have a job just for you..." replied Falchior with a smirk.

Chapter 3 by Harlander



A mysterious merchant arrives in town.

Melthiel's hands were sweaty. He was lurking in an alley just off the town's market square. His heartbeat seemed even louder than the noise of traders shouting their wares and townsfolk haggling for a better price.

"I'll do anything!" he'd begged. How could he have known the arch-druid's price?

He looked across the market square to the stands of foreign traders. He'd been given the name of one such travelling merchant, and a description. Unlike the sturdy but drab canvases of the local traders, this one had set up in a tent of vibrant silk, open on one side. A man stood, hands folded, behind a bench under the fabric. His skin was darker than the locals, and he wore a long tunic. On his head was a saffron turban, bound up in a net of jewels.

"Tamid Jabril will arrive for the Highday market this week," the arch-druid had told Melthiel. "He seeks to set up a trade route in lumber hewn from our sacred trees."

The arch-druid had leaned close, eyes flashing with rage.

"You are going to kill him."

Chapter 4 by Jay



Unlike the other merchants and shopkeepers in the area, Jabril had taken precautions to guard himself. Next to his pavilion, clad in black and red leather armor, stood a compliment of guards -- four strong -- tasked with protecting the man.

Hardened by many years out on the open desert, the guards looked fully prepared to impale all who ventured too close, even if it happened to just be a boy.

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

Trembling with trepidation and fear, Melthiel pulled his hood further over his head. He began to venture closer and closer, feeling remote and isolated from the situation, like it wasn't really him doing any of this.

Finally, after moments that felt like centuries, Melthiel paused in front of the commander of the guards. "I have a message for the Master Jabril," he squealed.

Looking bored, the commander motioned him through, waving him impatiently into the tent. All was going smoothly. And then disaster struck.

As Melthiel began to step into the large and ornate tent, one of the guards stepped forward and knocked his hood off his head. And that one casual motion ruined everything.

In an instant, Melthiel's differences were revealed. The guard took in his pointed ears and fair brow, as well as the mismatched eyes, before scrambling backwards, hand on sword.

Chapter 5 by Líneas&Doublespeak



Melthiel stood rooted to the spot for just a second, he was just as shocked as the guards were. He had really hoped that he wouldn't have to engage the four hulking guards in battle, as he was poorly trained at best.

His dagger slipped into his palm from the sleeve of his loose tunic and he took up a defensive stance.

"Dirty elf!" one of the guards yelled, rushing forwards, his sword catching the light as it sped towards Melthiel's chest.

Melthiel sidestepped and quickly dashed his blade along the guard's exposed forearm. He was lucky, the blade went deep enough. The guard called out as crimson burst from his arm, the sword clattered to the ground.

Two guards now coming at him from either side, their weapons powering through the air in lieu of deciding which to engage. Melthiel was in a tight spot, he had performed a tight role in between the two men. Their weapons came down in the place he had been a moment before and became momentarily locked together in opposite directions.

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

This was all Melthiel needed. Still crouched down, he drove his dagger into the back of one of the guard's thigh. He was off centre, but he didn't have time to remember lessons now. The guard cursed and fell.

Suddenly the world tipped to the side as the sole of a hard boot connected with Melthiel's brittle shoulder. The young elf sprawled over the floor and his knife slipped from his grasp. Landing blade down in the earth next to the entrance to Tamid Jabril's tent. Stupid elf! His mind screamed. Stupid! Stupid! Stupid!

Melthiel could only berate himself for a moment, as another blow hit him, this time in the side of the head. Fist after fist thundered into him and for a moment, he thought that this was how he would die, in the mud in the middle of the market whilst his dear Lila lay dying across town, suffering but unaware of the troubles Melthiel was facing to save her.

"Enough!" barked a stern voice. The guard stopped hitting him and Melthiel cowered, pain throbbing through his face and chest.

"Hold him up," the voice continued. The guard grabbed Melthiel's tunic and hauled him to his feet as if he weighed nothing. Melthiel hung limp in the guard's strong grip, just managing to raise his head to see the merchant Jabril standing in the door of his opulent tent.

"I expected better from the old fool," Jabril drawled, clearly amused by the sight of Melthiel's pummelled features, "Tell me, elf, has it ever crossed your tiny mind that the only thing more dangerous than crossing a druid is carrying out a crime in place of a druid?"

Melthiel didn't reply, the pain was too much. He couldn't think.

"I thought not," came the smug reply from the merchant, "Come, you clearly have much to learn."

Chapter 6 by Líneas&Doublespeak



See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

"I want to make clear," Jabril began, not glancing at Melthiel as he continued his slow, rolling walk from side to side in front of his desk, "That although I saved you from my guards, I have no qualms about ending your life should you turn on me again. Do I make myself clear?"

He stopped now and was looking directly at Melthiel, who nodded dejectedly in reply.

"Good," Jabril smiled and continued on with his walk. "Firstly, I want to know exactly what Falchior told you about my activities and, also, what he offered you to assassinate me."

Melthiel was in deep. He knew he would get into trouble for betraying the Arch-druid, but he could see no way of avoiding the more immediate threat pacing back and forth in front of him. His head was still throbbing from the guard's beating, he couldn't think.

The words came before he knew what he was doing. He told Master Jabril he knew about his plans to sell lumber from the sacred forests. He told him about Lila, his love, dying of an unknown ailment, and Falchior's offer to save her. It all felt like a relief, getting it out in the open; being honest about his motives felt good, but at the same time filled him with dread. The ruthless trader now knew all his weaknesses.

"A most unfortunate tale, my boy." Jabril sighed, running a bejewelled hand over his short, brown beard, "Should it make you feel better, I would have done the same thing, in your position." It didn't make Melthiel feel better.

"May I ask you a question, Melthiel, is it?"

"Go ahead," the elf half-groaned his reply through his aching jaw.

"We know why the old elf wants me dead, druids draw their power from their sacred forests. The more trees there are, the more power they wield, correct?"

"I guess," Melthiel knew this to be true, but something about Tamid Jabril's tone made him wary of answering too soon.

"Alright, tell me then, why did he offer to save your Lila?" the merchant asked, his dark eyes aglow with interest.

See more of Story Wars

Melthiel shrugged, "To me,

Login

or

Create new account

"Hmph!" The merchant scoffed, "And here I was thinking you were catching on. Think about it, Falchior is an incredibly powerful druid, capable of commanding the very trees to spring to life and do his bidding, why would he need a... poorly trained, elf to murder me? No, no, my boy, I suspect that his motivations for offering to save Lila, and simultaneously remove you from the picture for a while, are altogether more self-serving..."

Melthiel's stomach dropped.

Chapter 7 by Phantim



It all seemed to make sense though. What the merchant said was true enough, Falchior was powerful, but not only that he commanded many druids and servants, all more capable than he. Lila, was beautiful, but had she really caught the druids eye? Melthiel felt a wave of depression roll over him. How could he compete with that? Even if he somehow did manage to come out on top, Lila was going to die without the druids help... or was that what the merchant was getting at.

"Are you telling me there is another way to save her?"

Chapter 8 by Líneas&Doublespeak



The door stood ajar.

Melthiel didn't have to step through to know what he would, nay wouldn't see when he stepped into Lila's bedroom. His hand trembled before him as he reached out and pushed the door open, revealing the empty bed.

There was no sign of a struggle, the soft linen blanket was folded back neatly and not a thing was out of place. Except for his love. Lila: the smart and sweet Lila, afflicted with a strange illness and kept asleep to preserve her energies.

The young elf stood in the doorway and felt the shuddering sobs come. He grasped at the door frame, but it didn't support him enough. His knees hit the smooth floorboards and he felt hot

frustrated tears roll down his cheeks.

See more of Story Wars

Melthiel didn't know why. At that moment, He saw himself and Lila, he sat with

Login

or

Create new account

that moment, He saw Lila waded through the

warm summer stream a few paces away. She was laughing and he was complaining at her for scaring away the fish.

Her laughter echoed through his head now. He had to get her back. Even if it meant going against the druids to do it. He knew where to go, he had been warned about that part of the forest his whole life, the place where the trees have eyes and the shadows hold secrets. The Druid Glen.

Melthiel set off immediately.

the end

Write a comment...

[About](#) | [Rooms](#) | [Feedback](#) | [!\[\]\(642aa997563f9a325b310230bb5078b7_img.jpg\)](#) [!\[\]\(9bef82f5a53106f2ad06a2de7acf5bcf_img.jpg\)](#) [!\[\]\(7ed4b959e7161d2c60a33aeb43710ff2_img.jpg\)](#)

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account